UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Now—or Never!

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Good in Anarchism

By CHARLES F. DOLE

After Disarmament, What?

By FRANK C. DOAN

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UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1921 NUMBER 10

TO AMERICA.

America! that blazed the way
For Freedom's great and glorious day
Now dawning in far Eastern lands,
Where downtrod peoples burst their bands
And snap their chains asunder;
Awake! Arise! and bear thy part
With Eagle eye and Lion heart,
And make the nations wonder.

Join Friends of old, and ancient Foes!
With Fleur de Lis, and English Rose,
Columbia's Golden rod—adorn
Try banners brave that front the morn
O'er land and ocean speeding,
Emblems are they of Truth and Right,
Nor can be worsted in the fight,
For God himself is leading.

America! All hail to thee!
God saith: Thy People shall be Free!
No tyrant hand can longer stay
The coming of his Righteous Day,
Through clouds and darkness breaking.
In majesty God marches on:
Go forth with Him, and greet the Dawn!
Behold! The WORLD is waking!

Brooklyn, N. Y. JENNIE TURNER POWERS.

The strength of the new UNITY will be determined by the strength of the Unity Fellowship Associates. The strength of this group must begin with and be extended by our subscribers. We urge every subscriber to sign the Bond of Union on the second page of this issue, and commend it to their friends and associates. Copies in any quantity may be obtained at the Chicago office.

The Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, assembling this week in Washington, is the final demonstration of the tragic failure of the Peace of 1919. It is a desperate attempt on the part of the allied nations to undo those things of crime and horror which were done at Versailles, and to do those things of reconciliation and reconstruction which were not done at Versailles. In this sense the Washington Conference has a significance far transcending all technical questions of partial or complete disarmament. For arms on land and sea are only the superficial signs of those deeper forces of hostility or good-will which determine the status of international relations. The discouraging aspect of the Conference is the fact that it is composed of the same type of men, representing the same kind of interests, actuated by the same motives and ideas, as assembled at the Quai D'Orsey after the Armistice. Added to this is the further fact that fears and hatreds among the nations are even more terrible than they were in 1918, and now divide the Allies as they formerly united them. On the other side of the scale is the increased disorder of the world, the deepened misery of humankind, and the near approach of bankruptcy. If behind these may now be placed a public sentiment thoroughly aroused in its determination that this Conference shall not be misused like its predecessor, the Washington gathering may not be all in vain. Certain it is that a crisis in human affairs is now at hand. If the Conference succeeds in any measure, the first step will be taken for "the salvaging of civilization." If the Conference fails, the last hope short of revolution, with all its waste and horror, will be gone. (See Editorial—"Now—or Never!")

It seems to us pathetic, and yet altogether characteristic, that the opening of the long-awaited Conference for the Limitation of Armaments should be accompanied by the greatest outburst of martial enthusiasm that the country has seen since the close of the Great War. The arrivals of Admiral Beatty and Marshal Foch in New York and Washington, and their tours westward to Kansas City, awakened scenes which brought instantly to mind the days when the soldiers were marching away to the front, or returning therefrom in triumph. The convention of the American Legion was an occasion for stirring afresh every passion within the human breast which makes war so easy and peace so difficult to achieve. Then, as the crowning preliminary of the Conference, there comes the solemn pageantry of the burial of the Unknown Soldier—a ceremony calculated to consecrate the last war as a thing of beauty, and the next war as a thing of duty. If every effort had been deliberately made by the government to distract attention from the high purposes of the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, to create a psychological atmosphere in which such a conference could not successfully function, to draw a red herring across the trail of public agitation for effective action to the great end of peace, more could not have been done than has been done by the mere accident of events. There is more enthusiasm for armies and navies in America today, more stupid and childish adulation of soldiers, more eager expectancy of wars to come, as more complacent satisfaction in wars past, than we have known since Armistice Day. The sending of butchers to a vegetarian conference seems to us rational as compared with this business of sending admirals and generals to a disarma-

ment conference, and accompanying their progress with display of arms. But of course we are a pacifist, and therefore quite blind to the fitness of such procedure.

The American Legion ran true to form in voting in its recent convention for the continued imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs. Not only the vote itself, but the manner in which it was taken, proves that if ever there was a crowd of moral thugs, this is it! That there are good men in the Legion, goes without saying; but how long will they stay, or rather how long will they be allowed to stay? The Willard Straight Post, of New York City, is composed of gentlemen, brave soldiers, and true Americans. Faithful to the memory of the man, whose honorable name they bear, the members of this post have opposed all forms of violence, even those practised by the Legion, have stoutly defended traditional liberties of speech and assemblage, have fought the scandalous Bonus, and are now fighting the vicious Veterans' Preference measure in the Empire State. As a result of this kind of high-minded and unselfish public service, a movement is now under full headway in the Legion to deprive this post of its charter and thus kick its members out of the organization! We are almost inclined to hope that this movement will succeed, for the sooner the Legion is purged of its last elements of respectability, the sooner the American people will see it for what it is—a thing of shame. And yet why should we get excited? Why should we expect anything else? The child of conscription, army discipline, and a dishonest war, is not the Legion true to the forces which produced it? The law still holds, in other words—"whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Moissaye J. Olgin, a native Russian, who after some years of absence from his country, returned last year and is now in the United States, has been speaking at the Community Church in Boston. Among many interesting things, he made one point that ought to set us Americans to thinking. He said that while outwardly and physically the Russian people seemed to have suffered everything and lost everything, and while they are still in the direst distress, yet they had unquestionably gained spiritually; they had made a great advance in actual culture; their minds had waked up; they had caught ideals. What Dr. Olgin told us of their fighting reminded one of Cromwell's "Ironsides," or of Washington's little tattered army at Valley Forge. Whereas in the late war the armies did not know what they were fighting for, except on each side to win the war, Washington's men and Cromwell's had a great purpose, and saw an ideal of political liberty, or religious liberty. So the Russians were fighting for an idea, for equality, not political only, but even more for economic equality, that every man might have and enjoy equal rights with all others in the fruits of the earth. This idea, supported by the immense sacrifices of the last four years, is welding a huge population of hitherto hopeless people into the unity of a nation. Now this story brings a big question about America. A while ago people were telling us how materialistic we had been growing; the war, they said was going to do us a deal of spiritual good. Has it worked so? It is very hard to see how. Has any visitor to our country from abroad since the war closed remarked upon our increase in culture and humanity? No! The pride of victory weighs upon us and narrows the sympathies of our people. There is no hearty humanity without respect for others. Thus, the proud are forever dragged down till they learn to be modest and gentle and forbearing.

It is not the irony of fate but the retribution of tardy justice that Ulster should now stand in the way of a settlement of the Irish question. The English Parliament has pampered this little province of Protestant bigots beyond all reason. It has fostered its fanaticism and condoned its crimes. When Ulster openly took up arms against the English crown, on the passage of the Home Rule Bill in 1914, the Asquith government found itself paralyzed by the sacrosanctitude of Orangemen. At last came the inauguration in 1920 of an independent Ulster parliament, as one move of the campaign against Sinn Fein. And now it is this parliament which arises like a Frankenstein to destroy the hand which made it! Lloyd George would give his head to settle this Irish question. Such settlement would mark the crowning triumph of his amazing career. But Ulster says *No!*—and says it with such confident obduracy that it is even intimated that the Prime Minister may be forced to resign! Could anything be more exquisitely just than this? Lloyd George overthrown not by British Labor or Sinn Fein, or even Liberalism, but by his own petted darlings, the Ulstermen! We have never believed in any policy of coercion in Ireland, and we do not believe in it now. But if coercion there must be, we are convinced that it should begin with Ulster and the Carsonites, whose one mission in life is to throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery of Irish reconciliation.

The All-India Committee, consisting of more than 200 members assembled at Delhi, has voted with only seven dissenting votes to adhere to the policy of "civil disobedience," which means, among other things, nonpayment of taxes and complete non-co-operation. This is a new triumph for Mahatma Gandhi, who introduced the resolution upon which the vote was taken, and fought it through in the face of a very general impression that the time had come for resort to violent methods. Such action, also, gives encouraging augury for the outcome of the meeting of the Indian National Congress next month, which will mark the end of the

year for which Mahatma Gandhi asked in which to try the non-co-operative plan. It is certain that, in connection with the expected proclamation of the Federal Republic of India by the members of this Congress, a desperate effort will be made to persuade the Indians that the time has come to make appeal to arms. Already we hear disquieting rumors of "more than 1,100,000 men, nearly half of them seasoned soldiers," enrolled for war service. Even though there were not many Indians themselves who are tempted, like other people in like circumstance, to resort to open violence, we could trust the English government to foment such disturbance, and thus break up the non-co-operative movement which is so embarrassing them. But we have confidence in Gandhi! What this "miracle-man" has done before, he will do again. We are confident that non-resistance is destined to its first universal experiment and ultimate triumph under his inspired leadership.

Two weeks ago we quoted in these columns a remarkable editorial from *The Christian Century*, declaring that "in the matter of establishing a new church organization in any community, there is only one consideration that is valid, namely, the consideration of the community's actual religious needs." Today we gladly supplement this statement with a quotation from *The Universalist Leader* (October 29th). Asking that "all people of peace-and-progress vision recognize the forward-looking movements everywhere," the *Leader* says:

> The Community Church movement is an illustration. . . . Whatever its immediate or local origin, (it) usually expresses an emphatic purpose not to have its program cluttered with the details of any antique and untenable theology. It stands for community service finding its fellowship more in conduct than in creed. To deny that this evidences the spirit of a common brotherhood,—is both impossible and undesirable.

In such a statement as this, we have renewed evidence of the growing power of the community spirit in the religious idealism of these days. Enlightened leaders and organs of church opinion see with clearness and confess with frankness that a new orientation is at hand in the religious world. From denominational to social grouping is the irresistible tendency of the times. Those churches alone have a future which tear from their walls their sectarian labels, and give themselves gladly to the expression and service of the common life.

Word comes to UNITY of the passing on November 5th of Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Pastor Emeritus of All Souls Church in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Mrs. Blackwell was ninety-six years of age; and was known in the last decade or more of her life as the oldest living Unitarian minister, and the first woman to be ordained to the Christian ministry in the United States. She was of course a pioneer in the woman's movement, a close friend and associate of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe and other famous leaders, and herself a tireless and able worker for the cause. We saw her last in one of the great woman suffrage parades in New York City, when she rode triumphantly in the forefront of that gallant procession of women of another and later generation. The death of Mrs. Blackwell brings vividly to mind the memory of those early days of struggle and sacrifice. It also raises the very pertinent inquiry as to why women are not entering the ministry today as they did a few decades ago?

Now—or Never!

Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, declares (New York *Times*, November 6th) that "Europe is finished." H. G. Wells writes (New York *World*, November 6th) that "the catastrophe of 1914 is still going on. It does not end; it increases and spreads." He then goes on to paint the possible future:

> "This winter," he says, "more people will suffer dreadful things and more people will die untimely through the clash of 1914 than suffered and died in the first year of the war. . . . Since 1914 this world has not so much healed its wounds as realized its injuries. Chief among these injuries is the progressive economic breakdown, the magnitude of which we are only beginning to apprehend. The breakdown is a real decay that spreads and spreads. . . . The world's economic life, its civilization, is disintegrating and collapsing through the strains of the modern war threat and of the disunited control of modern affairs. . . . Within a very few years the same chill wind of economic disaster that has wrecked Petersburg and brought death to Vienna and Warsaw may be rusting and tarnishing all this glistening, bristling vitality (of New York). In a little while, within my lifetime, New York City may stand even more gaunt, ruinous, empty and haunted than that stricken and terrible ruin, Petersburg."

It is a ghastly picture that these men paint for us—a picture of Europe dying, and spreading her contagion of death to England and America. But it is not more ghastly than the facts, as those who know conditions understand; and it is depicted in colors none too dark for the persuasion to seriousness and drastic action, of the care-free people who inhabit this still prosperous land.

As little as the populace of Rome in the fifth century comprehended the doom impending upon their Empire, so little do we comprehend the doom impending upon ours.

> "Destruction," says Mr. Wells, "is not threatening civilization; *it is happening* to civilization before our eyes. The ship of civilization is not going to sink in five years' time or in fifty years' time. *It is sinking now.* Russia is under the waterline; large areas of eastern Europe and Asia sink toward the same level; the industrial areas of Germany face a parallel grim decline; the winter will be the worst on record for British labor. The pulse of American business weakens."

It is easy to laugh off these statements as mere neurotic pessimism—that is a way we Americans have with such matters! We are fatalists on the side not of gloom but of good-cheer! But it is not so easy to

prove our optimism by staying the forces of ill that have been devouring the world since those first dread guns were fired on the Belgian border in 1914. We are living in times different from what we have known before. Civilization is going! "Nothing can save it," says Mr. Wells, "but the frank collective action of the chief powers of the world." And at present, he concludes, "these powers show no signs of the collective action demanded."

It is this which gives such terrific seriousness to the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments now in session. "This Conference," says Mr. Wells, "may become a cardinal event in the history of mankind, it may mark a turning point in human affairs," not because of the men who sit in its counsels, not because of their vision of an ordered world or their will to its achievement but simply and solely because of the sheer desperate necessities of the situation. A crisis so awful is upon us that it may move even weak and selfish men to great achievement. The very horror of human affairs today, in other words, is perhaps the best augury of the success of the Conference. It is now, or never! Unless armaments are abolished, war outlawed, and a new international order established, "civilization as we know it will go under and a new Dark Age begin." May we not hope that the Washington assembly may save mankind, if only because it can do no other!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Good in Anarchism

Anarchism doubtless is a scareword with many, as Christian once was, or Unitarian, or Democracy. Like many another word, it covers divers many meanings, some of them given to it by its enemies, or by those who know nothing about it. Not being anarchists, or, devoted to any *ism,* but desiring to search out the value of all thoughtful men's opinions, we cannot profess to do anything more in this article than to say what real worth and use we find in the much maligned little group of people who have so greatly frightened the powerful government of the United States, as to be forbidden to enter the country! Our thesis is, that such noted humanists as Thoreau, Kropotkin and Tolstoy, not to mention various estimable persons of the native American product, would not be anarchists without having some interesting and important reasons for their position.

Indeed, considering the good anarchists, and the preposterous futility of a law that obviously lets belligerent anarchists in, and only bars truthful and conscientious men, one is almost tempted to class one self as "anarchist" on the Custom-House blank, which they give American citizens, returning to their native land from a few weeks of travel abroad, and frankly to ask the officials, what they propose to do with us? For the American nation was certainly born out of a species of anarchism! What does anyone imagine our late absolutist Attorney General Palmer would have made of our revolutionary hero, Sam Adams?

What now, if we find that anarchism stands for the tendency towards one pole of the sphere of thought about government, or the State, namely the highly individualist type, and socialism represents the opposite tendency? What if the less known South pole is as respectable, at least to explore and hunt for ores, as the slightly better known North pole? Suppose both poles are unlikely to attract permanent colonists, while as you travel from each one towards the other, you discover a long way before you reach the tropics, much that is of common worth and excellent soil and climate? Not to push our figure too far, it may help us to state the case, and to suggest that from both socialists and anarchists we have a good deal to learn.

In the first place, the anarchist has a great message, especially now since the war, in his protest against the notorious abuses, excesses, and tyrannies of constituted governments. There are probably very few people in any country today who watchfully stand for liberty. The cry is for laws and ever for more laws—not laws for governing the conduct of those who ask for them, but laws to govern and restrain others. People cry out for law before they have taken pains to persuade their fellows that the law is needed, and in order to save themselves the trouble of persuading and converting the others. There is a terrible Pharisaic impulse in quite "good people" to punish and intimidate the wicked. The idea is to protect life and property, but this means, we fear, in most cases the will to protect the lives, and almost a more eager will to defend the property, of that prosperous or well-to-do group who everywhere mostly control the law-making power. There has come to be an immense and meddlesome exaggeration of the importance of laws (we mean man-made laws, as distinguished from the laws written in our common human nature) and a corresponding distrust of one another, with a cruel skepticism as to the existence of a humane disposition in those outside of one's own set.

Now the anarchist challenges this persistent regimentation of all the people by a fraction of the people. Who has the authority to subject us to rules quite possibly crude and unreasonable? Who gives any legislature or court or majority such sovereignty over their fellows as to compel their consent and obedience to legislation which may appear foolish, or even unrighteous? Indeed it is often passed in order to create or maintain evident injustices. The world did not have to wait for Einstein to suspect the utter relativity of every kind of sovereignty. The anarchist certainly asks in this respect very wholesome questions. We do not relish, any more than he does, being obliged to obey the hasty opinion of a bare ma-

jority or being asked to respect as righteous the "five to four" decision of a Supreme Court.

The anarchists are favored just now by an array of facts in recent history that make their leading question about the political state tremendously pertinent.

What good, they ask, are your great overgrown nations? They exist, and always have existed, to kill men and to rob them in order to kill. They exist for the few rather than for the many. Is not this largely true? Has it not been true of the United States? What actual service to the people have the revenues of the national government performed since the beginning of the republic? They have mostly been spent for "defense," or for war, although no one would have attacked us, if we had possessed no ship or fort. In fact we ourselves made the wars—with England, with Mexico, with one another in the Civil War, with Spain and the Filipinos, and, many of us believe, with Germany. "But did not the Civil War free the slaves?" The anarchist replies, that no one could keep slaves where you had no Fugitive Slave laws.

The anarchists always protest against our supposing that our institutions, our laws and our enforced conformity to conventional standards make virtue and goodness. Good men may make institutions and submit to their rules, as good men make wars, but this mode of conduct is not what makes men good. What virtue, what righteousness comes by compulsion? Someone replies that we have to protect ourselves against crime. On this point the anarchists will soon be citing the remarkable report of a committee on the working of the judicial institutions of the city of Cleveland, and asking how far our institutions actually do protect us from frequent reversion to savagery? For anarchists deplore crime as much as we do. They will beg you to note the dreary vacant lots in every big town, securely guarded against any possible use for which the so-called owner cannot demand tribute; they will persist in the disagreeable question, what right has anyone to invoke man-made laws to keep God's own land idle—in the sight too of children, whose parents have not a foot of soil on which to grow a flower or a cabbage? Then, these troublesome anarchists will enquire, whether it is not possible that the institutions which compel and defend and punish, have nothing to do with the making of criminals? The best penologists answer this question precisely as the anarchists do.

It is often thought that the anarchist is simply a fanatical individualist, regardless of others, and bent on doing his own will. There may be such as these, as there are Christians, who pray with all their might "for me and my wife, and my son John and his wife." Do you imagine, however, that, compared by the hundred, anarchists have any fewer men and women of social spirit than any other group of their fellows? The truth is that we must class them on the side of the optimists, who believe in and trust the common humanity in all of us. If they trust too much, is not this vastly better than to be skeptical and suspicious of others, as even church members are too often discovered to be? Thus, the anarchist claims that the average man, however poor, is not disposed to steal, or to commit violence. Give him a fair chance, let him have his share with you in the vast heritage of the resources of the earth, expect his best, give him hope, treat him as, at least in some sense, a brother, make him really free, and see if you really need to build jails or forts or to set up barriers against his trading with you, or even coming here to live. If the anarchist is not right in this proposition, we advise you to prohibit the publication of the New Testament, as you came near doing in the late war!

The fact is, that the good anarchist has caught a gleam of the biggest and most dynamic idea that ever entered this world. He conceives that there is something in a man so fine and high and beautiful, that you may not presume to lift up the hand of violence against him. No individual man can be so strong or learned or virtuous, though he sits in the seats of the Sanhedrim, as to do this; no multitude, no majority, no President or Supreme Court of the greatest nation may claim such sovereignty over a man as to assail his manhood, to bind his conscience, to compel his will, to impose oppressive injury to that temple in which his manhood dwells. Here is the key to the anarchist position. Many anarchists probably fail to press this idea; they seem to be unaware how religious, in the best sense, anarchism is, in fact, how untenable and unworkable it is, without a religious basis; most Christians are likewise amazingly unaware of the actual social and economic dynamite buried under their ponderous professions of faith!

Like socialists and other reformers the anarchists have not probably thought out the constructive end of their problem: they do not therefore quite succeed in showing us imaginatively how an anarchist world would function. But this does not discredit their main thought: most of us find it easier to throw bricks at another man's work than to improve on his work; easier to describe the ugly symptoms of a disease than it is to cure it, especially if it is as chronic as the age-long selfishness of the half-civilized man. But let no man lightly scoff at the anarchists; we need them in every community; they bring a great contribution for our social and political needs. We have an impression that their message will greatly dominate the future. In fact, we can hardly conceive a truly humane Commonwealth whose men and women will not be guided radically by anarchist principles.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Our business in life is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

After Disarmament, What?

I

The most impressive thing to me, and the happiest omen, about the Conference at Washington on the limitation of armaments is the amazing unanimity of the public mind in regard to the object itself of the Conference. It is not too much to say that the eyes of all the peoples of the earth today are turned toward Washington with anxious hope and eager expectation. These last days I have been searching back over past history for precedents; but nowhere do I find anything comparable to the present united movement of the peoples of the earth toward peace and good-will. There have been great periods in the past, great and stirring times: times when a whole nation has been united in the defense of its borders and its liberties, as in the Wars of the Netherlands; periods when a whole class of people has been united against another class, as in the French Revolution; periods when men of autocratic power have combined to oppress and exploit the common peoples, as in the case of all the ancient autocracies from Rome to Russia; times when great masses of people of a certain religious enthusiasm have united in religious wars against whole masses of people of a different religious persuasion, as in the Great Protestant Reformation; and times when men of a military class have united in pressing their Bismarckian methods of culture on an unwilling civilian population, as in the case of Germany of yesterday. But never, so far as I can see, never in all history will you find *all* men, men of all classes and nations and races and of every conceivable political and religious opinion, united as they are today in the great cause of universal liberty and peace and good-will.

Take our own country, for example. See how men and women of widely differing opinions and ideals are united today as never they have been before in the history of our American Commonwealth. Women of social vision like Jane Addams, men of science like David Starr Jordan, men of military training and conviction like General Pershing, men of business sagacity like Otto Kahn, men of labor sympathies like Samuel Gompers and Eugene Debs—behold them all, forgetting their social and political and religious antagonisms of yesterday united today in the one common hope, yea, the one common *demand*, for a fruitful outcome of the approaching Conference.

Nothing like this, nothing approaching this, has ever happened before to the human spirit on this earth!

The nearest approach to anything like this world-wide enthusiasm for a great common cause you will find in the days preceding the First Hague Peace Conference. But if you will read not the official but the semi-confidential reports of this Conference as given, for example, in the Autobiography of Andrew D. White you will come away, I think, from the reading with the feeling that the interest of the great Commons of the earth, great as it seemed in the first moment of enthusiasm, was after all a rather listless and dilletante affair, and that the failure of the nations during the Great War to abide by the conventions and decisions of the Hague Conferences was in the last analysis the failure of the Commons of the earth to arise as one man and demand their strict and scrupulous observance.

But today I seem to detect a new note, new and deeper, in the world's enthusiasm for arbitration and the methods of sweet reasonableness—a more imperative tone and a deeper sense of the sin and folly of the ancient arbitrament of war. The world's representatives at Washington may well feel that they are representing, yes, and responsible, not to a small handful of a self-seeking governing class at home but to the united spirit, the united hopes and fears and dreams of all the peoples of the earth. And whatever Conference agreements are signed at Washington and made a part of the International Law of the earth—perhaps we may dare hope that for the first time in history such agreements, backed up by the aroused and chastened public opinion of the Commons of the earth, will be kept and held sacred through the coming days of world-reconstruction.

II

And now in anticipation, in glad anticipation, of this great good, this advance the human spirit is about to make toward liberty and peace and good-will among the nations of men on this earth I ask you to look forward with me into the future. Picture this great new day that is already dawning; the day of peace for which all the prophets from Isaiah to the Nazarene have always dreamed and prayed and fought; the day when all the peoples of the earth shall dwell in peaceful habitations and in quiet resting places; when the work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever.

It is indeed a heartening vision. And we should rejoice together this day that this ancient dream is about to come true.

The Conference at Washington will reach certain well-meant agreements and make the same a part of the law of the earth, and the hearts of the peoples of the earth will be filled with a great and holy joy, and I would not willingly say one single word this morning to dampen that ardor nor to cheapen that joy.

But after disarmament, what then? After this ancient arbitrament of war has been duly and lawfully abolished from the earth and the method of arbitration set up in its stead, is the age-long battle for peace finally and forever won? Shall we, we men of earth, say to our soul in that great day: "Soul, thou has wrought well. Behold thy warfare is accomplished. Henceforth thou mayest take thine ease, and eat, drink and be merry in the security of a world safeguarded at last from all evil tidings and evil deeds."

Nay, not so, my friends. Neither Peace nor any other good thing is ever established in the hearts of men by legislation alone; nor by formal conferences and agreements. After war, the great tasks of peace, the great problems of peace, the great obligations of peace! These tasks and problems and obligations will remain long after the Washington Conference has fulfilled all *its* history-making tasks, solved all *its* problems and kept all *its* obligations to the peoples of the earth, and its delegates gone their several ways to the four quarters of the earth. In the long hard and, it may well be, bitter days and generations following the Washington Conference the peoples of the earth will find these tasks and engagements of Peace far more perplexing and far heavier than the tasks and engagements for war.

Oh, it is the easiest thing in the world to die in a world frenzied and uplifted by the spirit of war; the hard thing is to *live* the exacting and humdrum life of a world at peace. Easy in the enthusiasm of the moment to lay down your swords and spears: the hard thing is to take up those swords and hammer them

into plowshares and those spears and beat them into pruning hooks—to delve and to labor in the service of the great ends of peace. And as I have sat in my study these last days and nights, meditating and rejoicing with a full heart in this fair prospect of Peace, somehow these great tasks of Peace, these great problems of a world freed at last from the grim necessity of war, have kept crowding in upon my mind and disturbing my meditations and marring my joy.

Peace! Yes, by all means, peace. But does that mean, as it did in the vision of Isaiah, that men, young men as well as old, shall henceforth sit around in a perpetual and soul-destroying indolence under their vines and fig trees? Does it mean that with war abolished men will be content to see all the other great evils of human life go unrebuked and unchecked over the face of the earth? If so, then I tell you Peace, even Peace, has been bought at too great a price!

William James sounded this warning some years ago. No one, as I happen to know, abhorred war more than this great American scholar and apostle of peace; no one was more aware of the human stupidities and follies that lead men into war; no one more acutely sensitive than he to the sufferings and horrors of war, this ancient tooth and claw method of settling international and inter-racial disputes. "Abolish war!" I can still hear him cry in effect. "By all manner of means abolish it. But be very sure in doing this great thing that you have ready for the youth of the world a 'moral substitute' for war—something that shall engage his loyalties and call for the courage which he now feels stirring within him when the war drums beat and he follows his flag into the jaws of death."

William James was right. War, it is true, lets loose some of the lowest passions of the human frame—lust, hatred, ill-will, vain-glory. It is also true that war appeals to the highest instincts of the human soul—love of liberty, fidelity to a great cause, that spirit in a man which has always told him and always will, that there are some things that are worse than death.

One of the great ends of evolution is to rid the soul of man of these low earth-born, jungle-bred passions. But another and far greater end of evolution is to keep alive and to foster and increase in the soul of man his heaven-born passions for liberty and justice and love and things like that. We are about by due process of law to take the sword out of the hands of men. Let us be sure that we put into the hearts of men the "flaming sword of the Lord," even the spirit of justice and righteousness and love in whose name and cause we are bidding men to lay down their arms! We are about to purge a man's hand of the stain of his brother's blood. Let us not fail to purge his heart of the stains of greed and ill-will and hatred which alone have made war a possible thing on this earth!

Peace! It is at hand! The hour is even now striking! Yea, but the absorbing task of the coming years will be to guide these great and noble energies of men hitherto expended in killing their kind, the energies of loyalty, fidelity, love of justice and liberty, into the broader and more peaceful but no less hazardous channels of Peace!

For war, my friends, is not the only evil to be overcome by the spirit of man. Look about you and, if you have eyes to see, you will behold a whole legion of evils which existed long before men learned the awful art of war and will continue to exist long after they have unlearned war. Crime and the social folly in which crime breeds its unlovely off-spring; poverty and the deformities of body and soul which go with poverty; pestilence, disease, plagues and scourges; occupational maladies; mutilation and death in the industrial machinery of the world; infant mortality; prostitution—alas, we need not extend further the long list of these unlovely follies and wrongs of man to man, follies and wrongs which the statisticians tell us have actually destroyed more human life from the face of this earth than all the wars of history taken together.

These things shall remain long after the Washington Conference, long after the war drums have ceased to beat. Shall these ancient enemies of mankind not stir within us all the fighting instincts of our nature? Shall not the youth of tomorrow, the great tomorrow of universal peace, find in this peace-time warfare, a more than equivalent for past-time wars? Yea, that ye will, O ye brave youth of the world! I cannot see you, young men of your high spirit and splendid inheritance from your fighting fathers—I cannot see you sitting quietly and contentedly under your fathers' vines and fig trees with all these faces of evil and poverty and disease grimacing at you, and threatening the peace and welfare of your own unborn children!

I think of the men in the trenches, sustained in their grim business and inspired in the long night-watches by the great hope of removing the evil of autocracy from the earth. Shall that spirit die out in the days of peace that are now upon us? Nay, not so! There is plenty of fight left in the soul of the youth of the earth! And a plenty of evils he will surely see now that his vision is no longer blinded by the clouds of war; and plenty of cries for humanity he will surely hear now that his ears are no longer deafened by the tumults of war.

III

But listen a moment to another caution from the pen of another great American! Percy Mackaye in a clever little pamphlet printed some years ago and entitled, as I remember it, "A Substitute for War," tells us the Peace Movement with its sentimental vaporings can never succeed along its present colorless lines. Peace, to succeed, must find, for example, some substitute for the uniforms, the trumpets, the shining regalia which now stir the imaginations of the natural youth of the land and in which he now gladly and proudly goes forth to kill. The stronghold of the American Eagle, the British Lion, the Russian Bear, is never likely to be stormed and taken from the hearts of youth by "an anæmic dove of Peace"!

In this summary of his case Mr. Mackaye, I feel, speaks in very bad taste of some of the finest spirits that have ever walked this sodden earth of ours. But his boorishness need not blind us to what truth there is in what he says. For it is true that before we can have any real and lasting peace we must learn to honor the uniforms of peace and to celebrate the victories of peace with something of the public enthusiasm with which in the past we have honored and celebrated the uniforms and victories of war.

But the uniforms of peace are at hand, and do not require, as Mr. Mackaye seems to think, any special designing and tailoring. The uniforms and the means of honoring them are at hand. Or, if not at hand, surely the time is not far off when, for example, the laboratory apron of the great research man battling against disease, the cap and scalpel of the surgeon, the nurse's uniform and clinical thermometer, the overalls of labor and every other outward habiliment of service

will be greeted by men as a mark of distinction and the absence of the same from any man's broad shoulders as a mark of the coward and slacker in the world's great warfare against its hereditary enemies, disease and folly and injustice. In that near day society will honor its public servants not as dead heroes of the past but as living heroes of the day and generation in which they are working out their allotted years.

As to the more outward rewards and honors, I wonder? May we not expect, as one of the visible fruits of the coming years of active peace, that the governments of the world will one day, and that very soon, devise medals and cause the same to be cast in precious silver and gold to be bestowed upon those who in times of peace are furthering and fostering the public good? And may we not hope, I wonder if we may not, that in time the great universities of the world will devise a new and more honorary degree, perhaps the degree of Doctor of Humanity, to be conferred upon men and women who in peace times, forsaking the walks of life in which men and women are wont to seek power and distinction for themselves, are losing their lives in secrvice of the downtrodden and dispossessed of the earth?

Or if this is too much to hope, if these outward rewards fail, shall we not then teach the youth of the world that there is an invisible medal, a medal not made with hands, more precious yet than any gold or silver and which the corrosions neither of time nor eternity can ever tarnish—medals which shall cover their inward hearts even as our distinguished service medals now cover their outward hearts—the precious inward honor and inward distinction of a work well done and a life well given in the building of a fairer and more beautiful civilization on this earth?

Yea, these things shall be. After disarmament we shall offer the youth of the earth mighty tasks and engagements, tasks and engagements that have in them all the challenge and all the allurement of the great tasks and engagements of war. We shall call them, with trumpets of the spirit we shall call them, to a crusade that shall demand a thousand times the courage and the chivalry of the crusades of old—a holy crusade against vice and crime and poverty and pestilence and disease and injustice and ill-will and hatred and every other evil thing in the heart of man which still stands in the way of universal liberty and brotherhood on this earth.

Behold the far-flung battle lines breaking ranks, the young men of the earth forsaking their trenches and returning forever to the peaceful arts and crafts of life. Thank God! O, thank God! But let us not forget that the battle has just begun—this long and hard and exacting battle against evils of which war itself has been but the spectral shadow.

Once these war-begetting evils have been done away with, and nations and men have really learned peace and are practicing it in all their relations one with another, *practicing* it day and night and with all their might and soul, then peace will indeed cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And the fruits of peace then shall be quietness and confidence forever.

Iowa City, Iowa. FRANK C. DOAN.

There are some things that will not bear mediocrity: poetry, music, painting, oratory.—*La Bruyere.*

In order to find out if a thought is new it should be expressed very simply.—*Vauvenargues.*

The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

INTRODUCTORY.

I am the sworn poet of every Dauntless Rebel the world over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.
—*Walt Whitman.*

Retained and well paid writers have ransacked the chronicles of the human race to gather and publish every detail in the lives of the rich and powerful. Millions of pages tell of the glamours and glories of war and the greatness of generals and statesmen. The organized institutions of instruction, like the schools and churches, tell each generation "a lie agreed upon" as Napoleon termed their histories. The olden clay tablets tell of kings and princes, and modern print from Froissart down uses the finest workmanship and the best of invention to make a beautiful story of rulers and pillars of society.

This series of articles is a history of a different sort. It gives a brief picture of the major figures who in successive generations have dared to lead and to think for the betterment of mankind. Those brave and wise souls who have stepped out ahead of their day and have led in movements for the social betterment of the slave, the serf, the toiler. Some led movements to success and the world honors them; others just as deserving failed in the struggle and lie in unknown and unhonored graves; but all who love the blazer of the new path, those willing to strike out boldly for a better day, will honor these men and women. And while we pay our tribute to the Great Rebels and Heretics, men who boldly struck out and often weltered in their life-blood as their only reward, we must also pay our tribute to their followers; those unnamed hordes, the mobs, the weary hewers of wood and drawers of water who fought in great strike-wars, followed the champions of a new idea. It has been a labor of love for me, realizing how much I owe the Great Rebels and Heretics, to dig out these little outlines of their brave lives, and to pass the story along. Forgotten Friends of the Common People, the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee, will never forget them. Regardless of personal hardships and dangers they put their shoulders beneath heavy loads, declared war on ignorance, oppression, injustice, and raised a torch of life and liberty. Such men and women as these prove God has a purpose in the world, that evolution moves forward, and that even the stupid must move ahead. They arouse within us a feeling that we should be something and do something.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

RETURNING.

Where are you, now the shadows creep
Down from the hills, and the gardens sleep?
A lone bird calls, but his mate has flown
To fairer lands, of frost unknown,
And the dead leaves lie in a drifted heap.
'Round my silent cottage the night winds leap,
Through the cobwebbed windows the pale stars peep
And wonder to see me here alone—
Where are you now?

Over my treasures the dust lies deep—
O loveliest one that I could not keep,
And no voice gladdens to greet my own,
Only the grief of the wind's low moan;
And yet—what harkens when I weep?
Where are you now?

The New York Sun. —*Ethel M. Pomeroy.*

Facing Realities*

The cardinal and irrefutable fact which underlies all these debates for the limitation of armaments has not yet sunk into the consciousness of the people. If it had, no hall in the country would be large enough for our purposes.

What is this fact? It is that civilization has developed within itself during the past five years, three of these years of nominal peace, destructive powers sufficiently formidable to achieve its own complete annihilation if and when the volcano of war again erupts, which it undoubtedly will and probably at no very distant date if the existing methods and motives of international relationships do not undergo a profound and revolutionary change.

If you translate that comprehensive statement into terms which may strike sparks on the anvil of the somewhat sluggish individual imagination, and if you apply them to our own case, it amounts to this. The virtual destruction of the greater part of London in a few days through the agency of continuous and large-scale aeroplane attacks, aeroplanes utilized as projectiles, directed by wireless, carrying high explosive shells of a size and potency exceeding those used in the Great War, carrying bombs charged with gases so deadly that those used in the Great War were by comparison innocuous—this has become a scientifically feasible and executable proposition.

The extent to which science has become harnessed to the chariot of militarism within the last few years, and especially since the Armistice, and the development in the art of what may properly be termed the profession of human slaughter, the slaughter trade, are facts which were they known to the general public would be a driving force for the abolition of the institution of war that no governments could resist. Unfortunately, the governments take care that these facts shall not be generally known.

And let us be quite clear on one point. The stage of experiment in some, at least, of these new agencies and instruments for the wholesale extirpation of human life, has passed. The work of perfecting, of manufacture in bulk, of storage, of handling, is being feverishly pursued in hundreds of laboratories and workshops in three of the four continents of the world. Civilized man is, then, confronted, not hypothetically but actually, with the alternative—either of controlling the monster he has created, or being devoured by him. That is the problem with which civilization is faced. Can it be solved? How can it be solved? If there is any problem in the wide world upon which the utmost frankness or discussion is not only desirable but imperative, surely it is this problem. Can it be solved?

A League of Nations and National Policy

Many pin their whole faith to a League of Nations, which they regard as the only means of averting a catastrophe. They are wrong. A League of Nations is not the only means. It is not even the principal means, and if our efforts are confined to that, the problem will not be solved. I agree entirely that without a League or Association of all the nations banded together with the one definite purpose of abolishing the institution of war, civilized mankind will probably destroy itself. I agree entirely that the existing League of Nations, if it can ultimately develop into a League of *all* the nations, and not remain as it is at present, a League with which the three numerically most important units of the white race are not connected; and if the existing League can become ultimately controlled by the Democracies and not by governments themselves controlled in a large measure by the tremendously powerful professional and vested interests which are served by the existence of war as a recognized political institution, which live by war and by the power to determine war; or if the existing League is unable thus to develop, then some other international body capable of so developing—I entirely agree that in such an international mechanism lies humanity's supreme hope.

But it is humanly, it is politically, impossible for the existing League or any other to attain that development unless the leading nations of the world, and especially those that were victorious in the Great War, are severally determined to examine honestly and openly how far their own national policies, the policies pursued by their governments, with the active or tacit support of public opinion, may be contributing to prevent the emergence of a really effective and truly international mechanism to abolish war; and are determined to abandon for good and all such of their national policies as bear that character.

For, after all, a League or Association of nations even fully comprehensive and really representative of the peoples can only be the completion—the indispensable completion, of course—but only the completion, the crowning finish as it were, of a new structure of international relationships.

And that structure cannot be created unless the mass of the citizens of the leading States of the world are resolved to extinguish, or to reduce to impotence, the nationalistic, economic and imperialistic appetites in their midst from which arise the condition that civilized mankind is confronted with, the condition of war being what we so often fail to realize—a permanent and continuously functioning institution either in its latent and preparatory or in its eruptive stage.

Are they prepared to do this? Armaments are but the expression of national policy. Will they admit and face the truth—the truth that the roots of this problem are to be found in every national heart?

Each nation must address that question to itself. Are we prepared to address the question to ourselves? It is obvious that if we will not, other nations will not; and our position in the world is now one of such immense strength that if we will not, the rest of the world cannot.

Are we prepared, for our part, to become rebels, as any such process of national self-examination necessarily involves, towards many of the dogmas of conventional patriotism: the dogma which interprets criticism of the national policy to indifference or even active ill-will to one's country's needs; the dogma which, under the specious plea of "My country, right or wrong," demands of us blind support of policies whose motives and ultimate objects are often entirely hidden from us; policies with whose origination the "country" had nothing whatever to do? Are we prepared to abandon the philosophy, childish in itself and subversive of intellectual and moral self-respect?

London, England. *E. D. Morel.*

*Speech delivered at the Conference on Economic Recovery and World Peace, Caxton Hall, October 13, 1921.

Moments of Vision

(1) Love of Life

When I behold the power of Nature, the Heavens, Earth, Day, Night—all that my eyes can find of Beauty, I have no time to lose a moment of my life. I am afraid only of the nights with their profound darknesses which steal my waking hours.

Oh, I am in love with life and am fearful of losing one of its waking moments. I brave the difficulties, the ugliness and the hates which have been created by humanity. For I am in love with life and my heart expands to it. Would that I might hold the world in an all-comprehending embrace, pardoning its weaknesses, rejoicing in its strength!

(2) The Hypocrite

He smiles in friendly fashion when we meet; but behind my back he mocks at me. He thinks himself the victor; but it is his only triumph. For he does not know that his shadow following—following him, has seen into his narrow heart. *For His Shadow Does Not Speak!* He shall never know the squalor of his soul.

(3) Self Reliance

The newly born child cries with pain and its suffering mother embraces it with maternal tenderness. Oh, mother, I feel now upon my lips your first kisses comforting me. But later when life, with its hypocrisies and its enmities begins, then, my mother, all your tendernesses can avail me nothing. Life itself has begun and I must face it—alone.

(4) Love

When I think of human individuals blinded by their petty loves and their more petty hates I am filled with an infinite pity. Yet the poison of this love has but a feeble potency.

That passion, exalted, all-embracing, for Humanity is the one passion that lasts, that has intrinsic worth for one's soul. Only when we have learned to love one another like brothers will love exist, transcendent, the Ideal.

Boris de Tanko.

A Dante Gift

Fortunately, exclusive nationalism is a thing confined to the economic sphere, and in spiritual matters we all recognize that we ought to be internationalists.

Something that will help our more studious elements in the appreciation of the genius of another nation is the recent gift to American students of Italian of the best text and a facsimile manuscript of the works of Dante. The gift is made to the leading American universities and libraries, by a number of Italians led by Mr. Luigi Carnovale of Chicago. To our libraries will be given copies of the best edition of Dante's works, and to the universities facsimile manuscripts, in the original colors, of the celebrated "Trivulzio Codex" of the Divine Comedy which was recently issued in a very limited edition, under the auspices of the Milanese section of the "Societa Dantesca Italiana," with an introduction by Prof. Luigi Rocca. Indeed, a large proportion of the edition of 350 copies will in this way come to America.

What the gift means may best be suggested in the words of another Chicagoan, Mr. Henry B. Fuller, who writes of the gift in a recent number of the *Freeman:*

This wide distribution of an early and authentic text may be expected to bring Dante nearer our people and to promote the study of his chief work. It may even subordinate for a while the "Little Italys" and the "Black Hands" which lately have been giving us their own version of the Italian people and the Italian civilization. Dante himself easily rises, of course, above such accidents and ephemeralities; but the American people, rather heedless and backgroundless, have much to learn; and some definite aid to catch hold and direct our attention cannot come amiss. Ruskinian enthusiasm once made Dante the central man of the world, just as it made St. Mark's the world's central building. We are at liberty to shade extreme statements; but we are not now at liberty to go on ignoring or minimizing the world at large, whether present or past; and the study of Dante opens up wide tracts and extended relationships which might very well be dwelt upon with understanding.

THE HERO OF VIMY:

An Incident of the Great War.

We charged at Vimy: zero was at four;
Sore-eyed we rose and cursed the bleeding war
And sick at heart, half-paralyzed with fear,
Waited in mud and mist—it seemed a year—
Talking in whispers while we gulped the gin;
And Jo—my sergeant—looked scared, white and thin
(This was his first trip over) as he said:
"I wish we'd go; one might as well be dead
As in this slaughter pen. . . . What fools we are,
What poor, damned fools!"
A murmur from afar,
Like wind through winter branches, rose and fell
Along the line—and up we went pell-mell,
Kicking the ladders backward in the mud,
Crazy as loons, thirsting for German blood!

Then broke the storm like thunder on the plain!
The heavens roared, the shrapnel fell like rain;
Through the damp mist of dawn we groped and ran
In a long wave up that infernal hill,
Dodging black stumps and blacker pits until
I tripped on what had sometime been a man
And fell headlong—a torn and bleeding thigh—
Angry and helpless, while the storm drove by.
Praying for Jo and the children there I lay
And watched the eastern sky grow ashen gray. . . .

* * * * * *

They found him hanging, dead, upon the wire,
Caught like a fly in a huge spider-net. . . .
In a few days the Colonel came to inquire
If I were well, and how my leg was set:

"You should have seen the troops,—God! they
were splendid!"
"Was the wire cut?" I asked.

His laughter ended.

"By some mischance our barrage fell too high;
The boys got badly tangled as they came,"
He answered, "But our staff was not to blame."

"A pity that so many had to die
Through negligence!" I said, and turned my face.

"I shall report the matter to the base,"—
His quick retort. "It *was* a bloody shame;
But then, we'd men to spare, and there's no blame
So far as we're concerned. . . . Lord! how they
died!"

He smiled and went. . . . And as I saw him ride
Down that charred slope, his orderly abaft,
I cried to Heaven—and wondered if God laughed!

Brent Dow Allinson.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

GHITZA, AND OTHER ROMANCES OF GYPSY BLOOD. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

This is Konrad Bercovici's second book of short stories, and I consider it a much finer work than his "Dust of New York." There are nine romances in this collection, and one of them—not the one from which the volume draws its title—is a masterpiece.

"Ghitza," the first story, concerns the happy strong man of a gypsy tribe who is matched to wrestle a Tartar athlete and who wins a draw in the contest by committing suicide "for the honor of the tribe." This is the story which Mr. Edward J. O'Brien selected as "the best story published in 1920." With all due respect to Mr. O'Brien, I dissent from that opinion. "Ghitza" is well done, well told, but it falls short of greatness in many particulars. For example, the conclusion is obscure. One does not know what to think of Ghitza's suicide. If the story has a basis in fact, which is, of course, quite possible, Ghitza was far from an ideal hero.

The second story, "The Law of the Lawless," is well written, but the subject matter is—what shall I say?—well, disgusting. A young gypsy wins a high-spirited wife by murdering his rival. The girl is not satisfied; she was a chief's daughter, she desires a chief for a husband. She persuades the man to plot the destruction of the tribe's leader, and that dignitary, discovering the plot, thrashes him to death with a horsewhip—then marries the widow; which pleases the widow immensely. There is no doubt that the tale is dramatic, but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It violates a cardinal tenet of good writing; it tears the passion to tatters.

"Vlad's Son," the third story, is another example of Bercovici's choice of a shabby subject. An old gypsy chief takes a fancy to a certain horse, the property of the Mayor's son. He tries to buy the animal, offers its weight in gold, but is refused. The owner will not sell because his sweetheart loves the horse. Knowing the chief's reputation, the village people guard the animal day and night. At the wedding of the Mayor's son and the girl word is received that the horse has been stolen; everyone thinks the chief guilty. The fact is that the chief's son, a cleverer thief than the father, has stolen the horse, and when the festival is at its height he gallops up and carries off the willing bride while the crowd gapes. The girl cared nothing for the Mayor's son, cared nothing for any man, but she would marry anyone who owned the horse in question. Again the story may be founded on fact, and perhaps Bercovici was obliged to tell it as it happened; if so his decision to tell the story at all is regrettable. It is no compliment to human nature if such things really happen. They might be used to point a moral, but Bercovici avoids all that sort of thing; as in the case of the previous story, there is something sickening about the recital. If the gypsy character is of this nature—well, I shall have to change my ancient good opinion of gypsies.

"Yahde, the Proud One," the fourth story, is one of Bercovici's best; it is in his happiest mood. An Osmanli woman is bought by a Tartar chieftain. She hates her husband and seeks an opportunity to kill him. He understands her better than she thinks, and when she runs away and returns to her father's house, he pretends that he does not care—he does not come with an army to recapture her. She cannot endure his lack of interest, and casting her pride to the winds she runs after him in the public square and begs him on her knees to take her to his home again. The story is ridiculous but amusing, and Bercovici has recited it charmingly.

"Tinka," the fifth flower in Bercovici's bouquet, is another of his successes. It is the tragic romance of a gypsy chief's daughter, an accomplished musician, who loves a nobleman's son. The lover proves unfaithful and the girl is destroyed by wolves in the woods where she awaits his return. There is a reserve in the telling of this tale that saves it from mediocrity, and makes it worthy of a high rank in contemporary fiction. It has the air of tradition about it, the thing which distinguishes the story that has been told and retold by passing generations until it has been polished to perfection.

It is in "Fanutza," his sixth story, that Bercovici has done a masterpiece. It is, I believe, the best story he has written. The young daughter of a gypsy chief is about to be married by paternal command to an old lieutenant of the tribe who is to be the chief's successor in the leadership. But a Tartar boatman sees her and desires to buy her. The argument between the riverman and the father takes place in an open boat on the freezing waters of the Danube on the fiercest night of the new winter, the girl in the bow of the boat overhearing the whole discussion. At first the chief will not sell, though the Tartar offers the savings of a lifetime. At last when the craft is about to be wrecked the old gypsy pretends to consent. The boatman then rows them ashore, and safe on land the chief would break his bargain. But the girl settles the matter. Her father had said all women were alike. She would show him that he was mistaken. The moral of the story may be questionable but there can be no doubt about the thrilling fascination of the tale as it is told. It is a remarkable piece of work; the author deserves congratulations. With this story, if with no other, he wins place with the best fiction writers of this generation.

The seventh romance, "Hazi, Wife of Sender Surtuck," is an unattractive history of the tragedy of a beautiful young woman married to an old man. She pretends to be unfaithful so that the youth she really loves will not marry another; her husband murders her, and a curse descends on the tribe. It is not among Bercovici's victories, this story.

"The Bear Tamer's Daughter," the eighth story, has to do with the half-savage child of a gypsy animal trainer and her sweetheart; the wooing is as savage as her personality. The narrative captivates for the moment, but does not satisfy. The ending is exceedingly weak.

The final story, "Yancu Lautaru," is Bercovici at middle-best. The young pupil of a gypsy violinist, a nobleman's child as we are assured in the beginning of the tale, turns out to be the old violinist's son. He gives up his claim to the nobleman's estate, marries a girl of the tribe and becomes a wandering musician. It is told becomingly, but fails to convince.

What makes these romances worth reading? The insight they afford to gypsy life and character, to gypsy custom and fashion. Bercovici knows his subject, and he is always interesting. His best is very

good; his shortcomings, I think, are traceable to his rather restricted vision, to his lack of understanding, perhaps, of the Western mind. He is of the Orient, certainly, and his work has that mysterious element, the East, in it. He does not understand why I should not care for a story like "Ghitza." The fact is that I think Ghitza a fool, and I cannot admire fools, even brave ones. Again, I cannot sympathize with Vlad's son, who seems to me to be a common rogue of no commendable parts, whose victory should be mourned rather than applauded. Nor is it enough to merely show Vlad's son's accomplishments in neutral colors; we want to know life's meaning. It is not enough that a thing is; we would know the why and wherefore, the very soul, of things. What was the final fate of Vlad's son? What nemesis overtook this rascal who stole horses and a bride in such a brazen manner?

But I am not asking Bercovici to turn ethical teacher; let there be no mistake about that. I know he would resent any such suggestion. I am merely asking him to paint the shadows in his picture. If a man is a scalywag, let him so appear. Let none of the glamour of heroism obscure the villainous facts of the case. A clever burglar is a burglar quite as much as one who is not so clever. I have no patience with the more or less current habit of making heroes of criminals, though I have a very real sympathy for the weak and unfortunate creatures that society punishes to cover its own failings and shortcomings.

Bercovici's evolution as a story teller goes merrily on. He has now done three books, and the most recent one is the best. In due course there will be another volume; may it be better still.

In conclusion, let me publicly apologize to Bercovici for having said in a previous review in UNITY that I understood him to be the father of a remarkably large family. The late Horace Traubel was responsible for my error; I am sure Traubel himself was misinformed.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE STUDY TABLE

Religious Consciousness

RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS. A Psychological Study. By James Bassett Pratt. 1920. Macmillan.

The attempt to more fully understand religion by means of psychology is quite new. Students of religion appreciate how limited are extant works on the psychology of religion, both in content and technique. The general feeling is that psychology of religion is in its merest beginnings. Any book, therefore, which makes even the slightest contribution to the better understanding and practice of religion is eagerly welcome. Such a welcome is merited by this new book by Professor Pratt.

The book treats about the same topics as other writers, The Nature of Religion, The Religion of Childhood and Adolescence, Conversion, Revivals, God, Immortality, Worship, Prayer, Mysticism, but differs from other works both in data and method.

Earlier writers, notably King and Ames, drew most of their material from the history and anthropology of primitive peoples and from the various forms of expression there found, analyzing the ingredients and technique of religion. Starbuck and James dealt almost exclusively with conversion within Evangelical Christianity. Coe utilized the data of both the former groups and sought to present religion as the active discovery, reorganization and revaluation of values. Most all these writers marshal their data to support this position. Ames for example utilizes his book to prove that religion is the consciousness of the highest social values.

The present writer attempts to "describe the religious consciousness" he finds all about him, and to do this without the bias of "any point of view." From the broad field of religion, including American Protestantism (in its many forms), European Catholicism, Hinduism and Buddhism as seen in India, Burmah and Ceylon, he describes the practices and discovers the experiences which enable us to understand religion. This catalogue of the various and abundant experiences of people living religiously in a modern world presents a rich background for an appreciation of religion.

The author disagrees with Ames, King, etc., denying the extreme emphasis upon the social structure of religion, although he himself defines religion as a serious and *social* attitude of individuals or communities toward the power or powers which they conceive as having ultimate control over their feelings and destinies. While holding that religion is both social and individual he says the broad field of actual practice proves that most people recognize and demand a determiner of destiny; that the social, while always present little or much, is not the central factor in this search for control but that everywhere people recognize and demand a determiner of destiny. Much of life's expression shows a blind groping of the instinctive type, others of the standardized or customized, others of the selective or rational; no matter which, beyond organized ability is the mystical sense of power or powers which determine destiny. The writer gives much space to a discussion of mysticism. One however is led to question the scheme used throughout the work of "traditional," "rational," "mystical," "moral" or "practical." One wonders whether the writer has grasped the functional or genetic nature of all mental growth, as presented for example by Dewey and Tufts. Also, whether the author appreciates the connection given by genetic psychology, of knowing, feeling, learning, to activities. When all growth and action rise through reconstruction of action itself and ideation, feeling, learning, arise as factors in this reorganization, then it would seem that all development has a mystical element, a rational element and a standardizing element. Furthermore, values arise from the discovery of and maintenance of controls. The organic social psychologists will most certainly ask for a more adequate treatment of values and even of the nature of mysticism itself.

The book is a great contribution to the subject. It is refreshing to find an author daring enough to study religion as found in all peoples now, and who at least attempts to describe religion as he finds it.

JOSEPH MANSON ARTMAN.

The following couplet is attributed to Bob Burdette. Some ministers will appreciate it:

Tell my trustees when I am dead that they need shed no tears;
For I shall then be no more dead than they have been for years.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

It is fitting that UNITY should lend its interest and support to the new Education Bill now before Congress and for which a nation-wide Education Week, December 4-10, is to be launched. John Haynes Holmes is a member of the committee to establish a Department of Education, which will put Education on a par with the other interests which the government promotes and have a member in the Cabinet, and he is speaking whenever opportunity offers in support of this important bill. Dr. Hugh S. Magill, Field Secretary of the National Education Association, in an address recently made at the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, pointed out that a Department of Education is in essence a Department of Good Citizenship.

Mr. Magill stated at once the two main principles of the Bill:

(1) To establish a Department of Education which shall make Education rank with the other interests which the Government promotes, by having a member in the Cabinet, and

(2) The authorization of an appropriation to aid, encourage, and assist the States in the promotion of Education.

An important feature of the Department of Education as proposed is the creation of a National Council of Education, not to exceed 100 members, to consist of the State superintendents or commissioners of all the forty-eight states as ex-officio members, together with 25 educators representing the different phases of education throughout the United States, and not more than 25 laymen. This council would be purely advisory and would meet once each year at Washington with the Secretary of Education to discuss matters pertaining to Education. Thus educators from the backward states would rub shoulders with educators from the more advanced states, and would go back and say, "These are the things we are behind in." What a stimulus Massachusetts might be to Kentucky!

Mr. Magill feels that a Department of Education is in essence a Department of Good Citizenship, declaring that the greatest problem of today is the making of good citizens. The citizenship of the country is simply a grouping of the citizenship of the states. What makes or retards good citizenship in the states makes or retards good citizenship in the Nation.

By this is not meant that the Federal Government should take over education in the states. On the contrary, resolution after resolution has been passed opposing the Federal control of education. What is desired is to promote, encourage, co-operate with and stimulate education, but leave the control and management of the schools in the hands of the local state authorities. We have got to do that, under our Constitution, which says "all powers not delegated to the United States by this Constitution nor denied by it shall be reserved to the states * * *" Education primarily is a state function, with the control, management and direction close to the people. "Do you realize," questioned Dr. Magill in his vigorous way, "that we have in this country forty-eight school systems, as separate and independent as the school systems of foreign countries?" The Towner-Sterling Bill in no way interferes with these school systems. But can the Government escape the responsibility of promoting effectively in the states the public school, the one institution that belongs to all the people, organized and supported for the one specific purpose of developing citizens?

Our Government is composed of heads of departments, forming a cabinet. In 1789 there were but three departments. State, Treasury and War. In 1790 the Attorney General was made a fourth; in 1798 the Department of the Navy was created, and in 1829, the Department of the Interior, which became a sort of catch-all for a number of offices scattered through the other departments. Notice this—when each department was created, various members of Congress said that the Cabinet was complete because it now included all the functions of the Federal Government named under the Constitution.

President Washington had urged the promotion of agriculture "to independently supply our food needs"—not to *control*, not to *promote*. When the bill to establish a Department of Agriculture came up in the Senate, its opponents said that agriculture was not named in the Constitution as one of the powers delegated to the Federal Government; therefore the Federal Government had no right to create a Department of Agriculture. Yet under that clause "to promote the general welfare of the United States" the Department of Agriculture was established. In the early 1900's along came Commerce and Labor, and in order to "promote the general welfare of the United States" a Department of Commerce and Labor was established in 1903. They separated later, and now each has a seat in the Cabinet.

Education? Not yet. The Daughters of the American Revolution have been agitating this question for thirty or forty years. The National Education Association has passed resolutions over and over again for a Department of Education. Garfield in '66 introduced a bill to create a Department of Education fashioned after the Department of Agriculture. Charles Sumner was its exponent in the Senate. "You must not kill this Bill with amendments," he said, "even though they are good in themselves. Gentlemen, I would give this Department of Education the very highest place, for to my mind there is no interest that the Federal Government has that is equal to its interest in the promotion of education." The next year Education was made a branch of the Department of the Interior, with an appropriation of $6,000 a year!

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The War brought home to the people of this country the fact that Education has too long been neglected. That great cross-section of the population, the draft, revealed the fact that one-third had to be rejected because they were physically unfit. But an even more shocking figure is that 25 per cent were not able to read a newspaper or write their names. In my son's regiment 32 per cent could not read a word, and every one of them native-born Americans. Sixty could not sign their names. "How does that affect the Federal Government?" you may ask. "Well, how about unemployment?" I answer. "Eighty per cent of the unemployed are illiterate. It is a national issue. Illiterate men do not make good soldiers, and they are not good citizens. Senator Kenyon has said that the fundamental reasons back of the strikes in the mines of West Virginia were illiteracy and lack of understanding of American institutions. Isn't the Federal Government interested in the product of Education in that state? The Towner-Sterling Bill does not in the slightest degree interfere with the prerogatives of the state, it does not in the slightest affect the private or parochial schools of the country, but *it is interested in the citizenship of the state*, and hence of the country.

The money to be appropriated under the Towner-Sterling Bill to co-operate with the states is for the following uses:

$ 7,500,000 for the Americanization of foreigners,

20,000,000 for physical training, including health education and sanitation,

15,000,000 for the training of teachers,

50,000,000 for the promotion of education in the rural districts.

The appropriation for illiteracy would be distributed among the states in proportion to the number of illiterates in the state. The money for Americanization of foreigners would be distributed on the basis of the number of foreign-born. Thus North Carolina would get seven times as much as New York on the basis of illiteracy, but New York would receive one thousand times as much as North Carolina on the basis of its foreign-born.

A government of the people can never be stronger nor wiser than the composite citizenship of which it is composed. This bill seeks to insure intelligent citizenship. If it be enlightened, your popular government will be strong; if it be ignorant, to that extent your popular government is weakened.

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Building Fund		$11,870
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